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The New Art and Mystery of

GOSSIPING.

Being a genuine account of all the Women's Club's in and about the City and suburbs of London, with the Manner of their Club Orders.

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The Weaver's Wive's Club in Spittlefields.
The Milliner's Club by the Royal Exchange.
The Butcher's Wive's Club by Cow Cross.
The Fish Women's Club at Billinsgate.
The Quilters Club in Long-Acre.
The Mantua Maker's Club in St. Martin's-Lane.
The Basket Women's Club in St. Giles's.
The Bunter's Club in Tyburn-Road.
The Shoemaker's Wives Club in Cranburn-Alley.
The Taylor's Wives Club in Monmouth-Street.
Mrs. Puff the Penny Barbers Wives Club in Rag-Fair.
The Whores and Bawds Club in Drury Lane.

To which is added the Goffips Delight, or the Tea Table Chat.

Printed and Sold at Cirencester.

The new Art and Mystery of Gossiping.

THESE gossips, being pretty near neighbours, in summer-time at their doors for a little gape-seed, one has got a stocking to knit, another has got a clout to stitch, another stands with a child in her arms at noon day in its blankets bare-legg'd, the turd and piss runing down her apron: so that six of these thrifty wives being got together, they all fall into discourse about some secret Geneva-shop, and call for a quartern a-piece, and for to discourse about, says Mrs. Chitchat, my friend Bristle the cobler's-wife, I have got a very secret story to tell you, but I desire before I tell you that it may go no further. Ruth Keepcouncil, starts up with a solemn protestation of secresy, protesting to keep it in her breast. Why then said Mrs. Chitchat, my husband was up very late on Saturday night last about a pair of shoes, so desired me to fetch him a pint of purl, but sure such a sight did I see at m neighbour's house, it was surprising, but I'll sa no more now. But says the other, since you have gone so far pra let's have it out. Well then, to be sure tell no body, will ye. No says the other, if I do I will shew you my arse. Why then to be plain, as I told you before, I went for a pint of purl, but perceiving no body in the house, I push'd open the door of a little box and there catch'd my neighbour D. kissing of my landlady. Why Ruth, you can't think what a concern I was in about it, nay won't degrade the woman neither, but faith they were at it, nay and merrily too. Well says Ruth, I never had the faith to believe it; but we'll keep it to ourselves as a secret however Ruth Keepcouncil having unriddl'd the story, away she goes simpering to think she had got it and as she was going, Madam Prateapace perceiving her to simper, she makes up to her and cries, well Ruth I protest you are full of business. I am so but it is best known to myself what it is, why Ruth, says the other if you tell me, it shall go no further from me. If I thought that replied Ruth, I would tell you, but I would not [illegible] should go any further, besides my hus-

band may come into trouble by it for what I know. But in ſhort ſhe told her the ſtory. O Lord, ſays Prateapace who would have thought it, ſhe's a ſly bitch. Oh the devil take honeſty. But I'll ſay no more. Next comes Jenny Alltalk, what a pox is this ſecret let's hear a little of the matter. The other breaks out in a fit of laughter plague ſays Jenny I fancy it's ſome jumbling ſtory. You have gueſſed right faith, ſays Prittle Prattle. Well what ſignifies it, ſaid ſhe, I know Jenny to be a woman that will neither meddle nor make; why our neighbour's wife was catch'd playing a merry game at Slap Cap with a certain Taylor near this place, O Lord, what's that all, that's old news, 'tis not the firſt time by a thouſand; other, I'll blow her at once. O don't, ſays Ruth, I'd not for the world have my name brought into queſtion. Beſides Chitchat told me, and I promiſed to keep the ſecret. You are a pretty devil an't you, it is proper the woman ſhould know you're a pack of chattering fools together

Now as I have given you account of theſe women I ſhall proceed to give you account of the other ſort of goſſips called by the name of Tea-drinkers, &c. their ſcolding and fighting.

PART II.

Now I will inform you of thoſe idle tea drinking goſſips, that can find nothing elſe to do but run fooling up and down from one neighbour's houſe to another, with a how do you do neighbour with a falſe look, and a treacherous heart. Then ſays the other good lack-a day, how do you do madam, how does maſter Jacky do? For now a-days if they get a muſlin-pinner, a flower'd gown, a hoop at their arſe, and pair of red heel ſhoes, they think much if you don't call them madam though they have never a ſmock to their arſes, when a good country dame will buy a hundred of them. I han't ſeen you a long time, I was aſking after you the other day, I was afraid you had not been well, pray walk in and ſit down, and let us talk a little; when madam goes in with a fine Canterbury ſtory, may be with a hundred lies attending it, then out comes the Tea-table, in which they accomodate one another.

PART III.

Mrs. Chitchat begins thus with Mrs. Alltalk, I informed you before of their goſſiping ways, look Mrs. Alltalk, now this is you that can keep council, why you are as ſhe to take her part. How take her part, all the world knows ſhe's whore enough. Well if ſhe is what buſineſs have you to do with it ſhe makes uſe of nothing but her own, does ſhe ?

why who the pox talk'd of you when the Black-a-more kiſſed you under the rails. Why look ye Mrs Modeſty now! why, you whore we are never a one of us like you to lie ſeven years with a man while your husband was gone to ſea, and ſeven more with another man while his wife was alive. Your a plaguy honeſt toad an't you; well, if I an't up with you pox take me. I'll go this minute, and tell the alehouſe-man's wife by my ſoul. Away ſhe runs helter skelter ready to break her neck into the alehouſeman's reputation; for the houſe being full of company, and the alehouſeman half drunk he fell aboard of his wife, alarms the whole place, one ſwore it was blazed over thirty four pariſhes preſently ſet three hundred women a ſcolding about diſcretion; then the ale-houſeman's wife goes to the ſhoemaker's wife, what ſaid ſhe, could you find nothing to do but talk of me: what will you get by that you b—h I'll nap your cuckold for it? I that ſupply your husband with money to buy leather; if you had ſee one take a bite by the by 'tis no more than what you have done before me. There is money due, and the devil take me if I dont have the money. Why, you lie you whore, your husband has had it out, which is more than I thought to ſay. Why you brazen face whore, have you the impudence to tell me ſo to my face. Rat me I'll maul you, come out here, They ſoon raiſed as many women as there is to defend Gibraltar, ſaid one well done Ruth, pay her heartily, let her get up, ſays another, up or down its all fair play. Take her cap, hold down her hoop, for their is ill inconvences in fighting. Then comes in Mrs. Alltalk, ſaid ſhe, what the plague, we'll make the toad ſuffer for it. Mrs. Lovelaſt you'll make a good evidence, won't you. Yes, what ſuch a an one as you, Beſs, when you ſwore a rape againſt a gentleman and bit him out of as much money as ſerved you for a portion. With that ſhe flew at her teeth and nails, ſiezes on her pinners; there's helter skelter from one to another. The battle laſt for many hours, rare work for the bailiffs and lawyers and proctors. At laſt the ſtory ends thus, every one fits down at her own coſt and charge.

I have given you an account of their goſſipping, ſcolding and fighting, I ſhall next give you an account of the manner of the womans club.

PART IV.

Well, thoſe clubs being become ſo common among the fair ſex, I was very curious one feaſt day to go and ſee a little paſtime, ſo offers my ſervice to go and dine with the civil ſociety of taylors wives club, kept in Monmouth-ſtreet, they told me I was welcome for my money as the beſt, and eſpecially as they had but one man amongſt them and that their clerk. He begins to ask what it is o'clock, the miſtreſs of the houſe brings up the table-cloth, knives and other equipage to garniſh the table.

Then up comes dinner, nine geeſe, ſix legs of mutton and French beans, then every one carved for themſelves, but Kate Dainty muſt needs find fault; ſays ſhe, I think this gooſe is tough. I can't bite it, ſays another. The mutton is not half boil'd ſays t'other. The beans are as hard as flint ſtones, and the beer as hot as mares piſs, and as ſtale as the Devil. Come let us have a handſome gooſe at this end of the table, what are we to be fed with ſcraps. What muſt I pay my money for nothing? alas! ſaid the clerk don't you know your orders, ſays Peggy Blabtongue, damn your orders Johny Smell-ſmock; he drew up his mouth in ſmall pleats, proteſting he never ſaw ſuch ill-behav'd women in his life, to complain of hunger, when there had been ſuch plenty. If your ſtomach, quoth he, were as weak as mine, you'd ſoon be ſatisfied. Dinner being over in comes pipes and tobacco, and royal gin, and each had a quartern, then they all began to diſcourſe about their club orders; one ſaid the box began to grow rich, they had got 40 s. in it, and ought to have the brewer's bond for fear the landlord fails; he being half drunk, took up the piſs pot, and broke their box open, throwing the money about the room; and each ſcrambling for their ſhare, they agreed to go to a brandy ſhop and decide the matter, where an old fidler go a ſnack for ſcraping. The money being melted they all retired home.

The Explanation and character of a Footman.

The manner of his being a skip-kennel. I came from Norfolk, (being one of Sir Robert Godſon's) through the city of London and entered into St. James's to be a foot-boy; at twelve years of age I lived at a bawdy houſe in Drury Lane,

facing the Elephant and caſtle, where I ſpent thirteen ſhillings of my wages, and my miſtreſs being ſet upon me, call'd for five bottles of wine, and made me leave my waiſtcoat for the money. Going home at the hour of twelve quite drunk; the next morning ſtanding at the chariot door my maſter miſſed the waiſtcoat, and bid me go into the ſtriping room, and then turned me out of doors.

The Goſſips Delight; or the Tea-table Chat.

BOHEA is the favourite thro' the whole town,
The mode from the ſattin unto the ſtuff gown,
Both tag rag and bob-tail will have their delight,
And ſtrip themſelves naked but they will come by it.
If theſe be the pleaſures of their lives,
Fate keep us from tea-drinking wives.
Freſh butter they'll have all times of the year,
Which makes it ſo ſcarce and ſo damnable dear,
But ask for a quantity ever ſo ſmall,
They'll tell you the ladies have bought it up all.
Good eight penny ſugar is likewiſe too brown,
Without t'other four pence the tea wont go down,
Nor will it avail to have good houſhold bread,
Their palates with dainty hot loaves muſt be fed.
By that time they riſe and put on their cloaths,
The clock it ſtrikes ten, on the tea-kettle goes,
The cups once brought forth and goſſips in view,
With neighbour good-morrow pray how do you do
Indifferent, cries madam, I pray do ſit down,
And tell us what news you have in the town,
But take a diſh firſt, and eat if you can,
Methinks it's an age ſince we drank the laſt dram.
Thus ſeated in form and their equipage ſpread,
Next come what the D—l puts in their head,
Their tongues like perpetual clock work runs on,
Till their budget of lies is exhauſted and gone.
One railing cries neighbour ſuch a one's wife,
O what a ſad girl ſhe's got ſays another,
Moſt certainly ſome tinker's trull was her mother.
A third cries did not you hear of the news,
Of dame what d'ye call her who was kiſs'd in her ſhoes

I'm told it is true, as we are all ſitting here,
But don't let it go any further for fear.
A fourth cried out bleſs me I had like to have forgot,
Of a man caught in bed with another man's wife,
'Twas John but don't ſay a word for your life.
At length when with tea and lying they're tir'd,
And rail'd on their neighbours as much as requir'd,
The bottle comes out with a dram of good Nantz,
To ſtifle the vapours and thoughts of their wants.
Some goſſips ſays that comes of good blood,
Here's to the beſt —— You know what's underſtood,
Remember to morrow by nine of the clock,
By time my husband will be out at work,
A ſecond replied I ſhall be all alone,
For my ſimple Simon will not be at home.
Beſides if he was 'tis to me all the ſame,
And to tell you the truth I am both maſter and dame.
O lord ſays another how glad ſhould I be,
If my gaffer was ſo obliging to me,
He dams the tea-kettle and crockery ware,
And breaks all the tea cups that e'er he comes near:
Juſt ſo ſays another does my honeſt man,
I ca'nt bring him to reaſon do what I can,
He ſwears I ruin both pocket and health,
In ſhort I am forc'd to get out by mere ſtealth.
One glaſs and another goes round by conſent,
A third is filled up the next merriment,
The bottle is quite out, ſends them reeling to bed,
With an itch in their tail, and a pain in their head,
And theſe be the pleaſures of their lives,
Fate keep us from tea drinking wives.

There is Mrs. Chitchat, the taylor's wife; Joan Private, the weaver's wife, Ruth Keepcouncil, the diſtiller's wife, and Beſs Double Tongue, the alehouſeman's wife, clever honeſt toads indeed, to keep council when they carry two faces under one hat, and give us fine words for money, and after our money is ſpent they don't care how ſoon they get rid of our company.

Betty! Huſſy, make haſte, run to the next door neighbour and borrow the tea-kettle, I think the girl's hard of hearing, I'll knock you down with my fan, huſſey run to the chand-

lers's-ſhop, and get ſome tea and ſugar, and let it be put to my husband's ſcore till Saturday night, pay night comes, they are as far off their money as they were before, they'll ſooner go two or three miles about, than go near that chandler's ſhop any more, theſe are our ſecond hard quality; no doubt but you have got them in the country, as well as we have them in town, they'll drink as much tea as will ſcale a young pig and tell as many lies over the tea-table as our London hunters in town over a glaſs of Geneva. They eat as much bread and butter at the tea-table as a countryman can eat of bacon and pudding till the fat runs down on each ſide of their mouth. And if they got a red cloak, a ſcarlet pair of ſtockings, red heel'd ſhoes, clever legged jades about the heels indeed and hoop petticoat as big as a hind coach wheel; and a black bonnet, bought at Rag-fair for the value of a groat, a a pair of ruffles hanging down their elbows to their fingers ends, bought at a penny price: perhaps, at the ſame time, they have not got a ſmock to cover their arſes, when a country dame will buy about five thouſand of them.

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